

# SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH

DEVOTED TO THE ILLUSTRATION OF SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE.

"THE AGITATION OF THOUGHT IS THE BEGINNING OF WISDOM."

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WHOLE NO. 132.

## The Principles of Nature.

### THE RECENT CALAMITY BY SEA.

BY THOMAS L. HARRIS.

A great calamity tries Faith. The greater the calamity the more is the trial to which Faith is subjected. In times of outward prosperity, when all things in the natural world appear calm and well as beautiful, Death is almost forgotten. He stands off. His very existence seems but as a merry tale. A great calamity tries Faith. The greater the calamity the more is the trial to which Faith is subjected. In times of outward prosperity, when all things in the natural world appear calm and well as beautiful, Death is almost forgotten. He stands off. His very existence seems but as a merry tale. A great calamity tries Faith. The greater the calamity the more is the trial to which Faith is subjected. In times of outward prosperity, when all things in the natural world appear calm and well as beautiful, Death is almost forgotten. He stands off. His very existence seems but as a merry tale.

But when the picture is reversed; when Death comes as a conqueror in the conflagration, in the plague, in the whirl of life, or in the upheaval of the world's foundations, and the shock and terror of the earthquake; or when, as in the case of us, Death comes upon the deep; when the Pride of the sea, the swift and mighty Steamer, rushing in triumph over waves, is confronted by that awful Shadow, when Death, a gigantic Specter, looms out from the mists, and with mailed and panting arms shatters the ship so that the sea goes bodily beneath the bows, carrying the doomed hundreds of living board, when Death looks down upon the ocean yawning to receive her, when calamities like these come upon us, it is then that we ask for the evidences of our faith in the Eternal Life.

In this trial of faith, what has been the effect of the multitude of discourses preached by our most eminent Divines? Have they not, generally, "darkened counsel by words without knowledge?" Have not their words been confused words, the views of one Pulpit conflicting with those of another, text warning against text, and dogma against dogma? Has it not been that Death has shouted defiance at our very portals, and that our champions who have gone forth to do battle against him have fallen out by the way? Is it not as if sword were drawn against sword, and each man snatching his fellow? What overwhelming argument hath been presented in the presence of both to confront him and to overwhelm him? The answer is "None." And why? Because, mark the position, the most potent evidences which have been adduced by our Theologians to prove that Immortality was the Great Fact, and that Death was but a shadow vanishing with the morning have been evidences deduced from the records of Spiritual Manifestations alleged to have occurred in ages past, the very evidences of which manifestations, by their daily conversation, they are doing all in their power to disprove and discredit.

They tell us that our friends who went down in the Arctic all live. What evidences do they adduce to prove it? Truly these—that in June, eighteen hundred and fifty years ago, Mediums existed for communication with the Spirit World; that Spirits were seen, and divine truths communicated through human lips, moved to utterance by an invisible intelligence, that Spirits even had power to operate upon the physical elements of nature, and that these wonders were seen, these truths told, by numbers of the people. They bring forward these evidences of eternal life.

But still Death stands there, a dark and fearful giant, casting shadows over all our churches and congregations, and he laughs at the argument. He shouts 'ha! ha!' and holds it in derision. And why? Because at the present day there are in the United States fifty thousand of our people who, according to the best of their knowledge and belief, claim to have held communication with or less direct with the Spiritual World. None there was one case of Spiritual Manifestations in ancient times there are at least a thousand in our own land. Yet, as our Theologians tell us that we must not admit these phenomena to be genuine, that they are the wildest hallucinations, and that whoever asserts their verity as a matter of personal experience is one of three things—a madman, deserving imprisonment in a Lunatic Asylum, a knave, deserving the scourge of infamy and the red-hot brand of public censure, or a doped slave of the prince of darkness. Ignoring facts which rest on the same evidence, and are of corresponding character to the spiritual manifestations recorded in the Jewish and Christian Scriptures, they, by all the rules of logic, disprove the same. Since all ancient records rest on human testimony, on the conjunct evidence of the senses, the understanding, and the consciousness, and since Modern Spiritualism rests on the same basis, whoever succeeds (as our Theologians claim to do) in getting aside the validity of our alleged Spiritual Facts, by inevitable logic sets aside all Spiritual Facts alleged to have transpired in the history of the human race. So from a Charge which, as far and fast as possible, are breaking down the evidences of eternal life, Death has no fears. He triumphs over them. He casts his shadow over their churches and holds the faith in derision.

Passing from this, let me call your attention to two pictures, a drawing delivered before the New York Convention of Spiritualists, assembled in Holston's Academy, on Sunday evening, Oct. 22, 1854.

both realities. Behold that gray mass of ocean covered with drifting mists, with phantom-like clouds. In the midst of that mist, rapidly advancing as a war-horse to the battle, a steamship moves over the waters as if she were empowered of the deep. Hark! there is merriment in her cabins, there is joy in her gilded saloons, there is mirth, and there is wit, and there is song, and there are sweet smiles, and there are glad hearts, and there are forms overflowing with life and buoyant with eternal happiness.

Look above that mist. As the ship moves on over the waters a multitude of Ministering Spirits, casting no shadow, glide through ether, even with it. How calm they are! How bright! And yet in the midst of that profound calmness you may discover expectation. They are gathered there from many Nations. They are not all members of one Society of Spirits, but are gathered from many Societies in the Spiritual World, for they have a common work, a spirit-work, in which they must all cooperate.

Look again! As horse rusheth to meet horse when the trumpet soundeth for the onset, we behold another steamer rushing through that mist of cloud. Above it there is another company of Spirits. Listen, O my soul, and see if thou canst catch one accent from that Angelic throng and learn the meaning of the apparition. One Angel saith to his fellow: "Yet fifteen minutes of the earth-time, and lo! lo! the sea shall triumph over a shattered and drifting wreck, and the deep shall claim her own."

Look down into these cabins. Behold there a group of gay, external men and women. One says to another, continuing a conversation, "Ha, ha, can you see he is as excited as to believe that Spirits in our day communicate with men?" "Strange infatuation!" "Hundreds of thousands of these American people believe that we come back to earth after we leave it, and move material objects." "Surely they are all going mad together!" So wit, and mirth, and repartee go round that circle; and in fifteen minutes that vessel shall be a wreck, and that polished, skeptical throng so many pale tremblers upon the brink of the Futurity whose evidences they now spurn in such heedless folly. Apart from the rest there sits a lonely, venerable woman. She takes no part in that thoughtless merriment. And why? Did you ever, of a dark night, walk in an unknown path, feeling that you skirted the verge of a precipice, and that one step might precipitate you over rugged cliffs and dash your soul to fragments? Have you ever felt the premonition of mortal danger rest with a fearful chill upon your brow, and yet you knew not why? That aged woman experiences that feeling. She wrote home to her friends that she dare not take passage in the Arctic, for if she did so she was doomed. Her friends wrote, ridiculing her fears. And so she is here, disregarding the premonition. She feels what the others do not feel, for she is more impressionable than they. She feels that the bell of Eternity begins to vibrate with the doom-stroke.

Hark again! Another Angel saith, "Five minutes." And listen again! One man saith to his fellow: "Tell me not of any life better than this life. I have won a fortune, and I live to enjoy it. Drink! Fill the goblets! Drink to our happy meeting in the New World!" And so the wine is poured, and so the toast is drunk. They are full of external life. They are heavily with animal spirits. The hot blood rushes madly through their veins. And they say, internally, perhaps, and virtually, there is no Eternity, no Heaven of Angels, no God.

Look once more. Behold that unnumbered, that Spiritual Multitude! See all their faces fixed, as the face of one man, upon that gay, heedless, or fearless and happy throng, upon the doomed Arctic. See that Spiritual Company gradually descending till at last hundreds of Spirit-men and Spirit-women, through the vessel. They fill the decks. They descend into the saloons. There is a widowed Husband. He is attended by his Spirit-Wife. She has longed, in Heaven, for this hour. She knows that in a few brief moments the bitterness of death will be over for him. She knows that in that little interval of time she shall clasp her Spirit-Bridegroom to her bosom, and lead him to their nuptial bower where the Angels dwell. And there are young Lovers, wedded Lovers, internally, as well as externally, made one. And Heaven's Conjugal Angels have gathered around them. Oh! fond hearts and true, not for you shall earthly bride-lamps burn again, or earthly garlands be woven that bloom but to wither. Not again for you shall shine the holy Love-Star that lights its torch in the western sky. But the Sex or Love shall rise upon you as ye are led on to blessed rest in the golden world of immortality. Oh! gay-hearted man, bent with many years, but only quickened with the spirit of true wisdom, friendship, and benevolence undimmed, the snows of death soon melt, sparkling from those locks of thine. The stars of immortality, the homes of just men made perfect, shall meet thy vision. And hark! An Angel saith, "One minute." Still there is outward mirth and confidence and joy among those external forms, but with every one of these mortals there is a Spirit-friend, with some many, and they throng the decks and saloons, and they form a glorious amphitheater above and around the vessel.

This vision of Immortals seems to many of you but as a

fiction. "It is allowable to speak thus in the rhetoric of the pulpit," so men will say, "but no Angels were gathered above the Arctic." It was all cold, dull Materialism that moved around her." Is it a dream that Angels gather above the departing spirits of men, that they throng, as bright substantial realities, above all scenes of mortal strife? It so, then Heaven itself is but a dream. Is it untrue that Providence, eternal and divine, extends the arms of its love to shield the departing? Is it untrue that the Spirit that paints the violet, no less than the sun, and that moves the harp-string of the human heart no less than the chords of universal creation, was present there? Deny that God is veritably present in scenes like that, and you orphan the universe; you make the Father of Spirits but a fiction of departed faith. Disprove this Spiritual Idea and life ends in oblivion, and the worm becomes as God.

But God was present! The vision is real. The Angelic Hierarchy who are his servants, the risen Immortals who are his messengers were present there. And so one mightier than Death was there to confront him and to conquer him.

But what strange sensation is this? There is a dull and heavy sound. There is a shock and a tremor and a jar. Ship meets ship as armed combatants in the battle. There is an awakening from revivry, from reverie, from sleep. Winged Terror from on high looks down upon them, and Surprise changes by swift degrees into a wild dismay. There is no medium, nor prophet, nor seer there to tell them, as did Paul once in a scene of shipwreck, that if they let down the boats there will be final loss. And so their hopes of safety drift out into the mist and vanish. And so the sea rushes in upon them. And as they die the good heart of the steamer ceases to beat, and its nerves of motion are paralyzed. And so discipline is at an end, and the brute instinct for bodily preservation takes the place of order and manly effort upon the part of her working force.

So by degrees the last hope fades out into despair. The human soul, thrown back upon its internal elements, is brought face to face with him who is styled the King of Terrors. And oh! how variously is he met! There are some who freeze at the sources of life and sink inanimate. There are some who grasp at the remaining glimmers of deliverance, fleeing as Felons from their doom. But there are others to whose brave hearts, elevated to the plane of devotion and self-sacrifice, Death has no terror on his brow. He is welcome as a Friend. Loving women are there, and rough weather-beaten men, who, in all that mortal strife, think not of the outward body and its preservation, but only of the welfare of others, content to perish in the inspiring service of Duty and of Love. But there, calm and beautiful, above those anxious, those pallid, human faces, gaze down the multitude of Angel-Friends. Love, unutterable, shining from their serene heaven, pours its molten sunlight upon that company of mortals. And so by degrees external plumes fade out. And so the mighty vessel, powerless now, plunges bodily into the deep. And so the doomed ones meet their life, and the wild shroud of waters is folded about them.

I look around me in spirit and I recall the spectacle, and I ask, Where is Death? But find him not in the sea. Oh, Death! live! thou in these deep caverns of the waters? I call, but I hear no answer; there is no Death there. Oh, Death! dost thou hide in that gray mist thy phantom form? Vainly we call, for there is no Death there. Death! oh, Death! dost thou make thy home amid the stars? With unutterable love, with life immortal, the faces of Angels shine down from the constellations, but there is no Death in all that shining multitude. Did not those hundreds of our brethren and our sisters perish as they went down into the waters? Hark! I hear the voice of an innumerable company chanting in harmony together. What is their song? "Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory. Oh, Death! where is thy sting? Oh, Grave! where is thy victory?" And hark! another company take up the chorus, and so it rings on through all that glorious assemblage gathered above that ocean burial. "There is no Death, for Death is swallowed up in life!"

But look again! There drifts a pallid corpse upon the waters. Around it are Ministering Angels, and out of that wave-borne form arises a lovely woman. Not more beautiful rose-faded Aphrodite from the subwaters and the vapors of the classic seas. Dear Spirit-Lovers, rosy as the Daughter of the Dawn, smile on her, and press with sweet caresses to meet her as she rises to her Angel-rest. And there, how beautiful is that child-form, calm as if pillowed on a mother's bosom, instead of being rocked upon the deep! How beautiful is that child-form even in the midst of the desolation, beautiful even as a shadow! But see the Spirit of the Infant rising from that outward mold. Look, and love, and believe forever in the more beautiful Reality. Oh, then Child-Angel! thy friends from above have claimed thee, and thy God hath impressed thee for his own; for behold Angelic Guardians descend from the Paradise of Infancy, and they strew fresh flowers in thy pathway to the skies. And Lovers, wedded Lovers, going down, pressed to lip, and loving arms interwined around each sacred form! Behold them risen from that mortal agony! Behold above that waste of waters, changed now as to a crystal sea, the Angel Bridegroom bearing in immortal arms the Seraph

Bride! See them risen up, immortal Lovers, for God's Paradise above! See the joy-robos that they wear, sparkling in the light of the divine affections! Mark them by the brightness of the beaming eye, and hear each heart in music whispering, "We are one forever. Immortal are we in our love as in our being, we shall live forever and forever in the Paradise of God."

And as there is no compassion for those who shall linger on Earth to mourn the departure of the Loved Ones, among that Angel Multitude! Are they but influenced by love for those so soon to rise to their immortal company, forgetful of those who shall yearn vainly while they remain in this mortality, for their kindred thus hastily borne away? We know little of the Heart-Love that fills Angelic bosoms, if we thus conclude. Doubtless there is in every bosom in all that celestial host intense, undying tenderness, not alone for those who so soon shall pass this mysterious transition, but for those also who sojourn below. Oh! think not that Heaven's Angels delight in the sundering of the heart-strings, and in the quenching of the lights of home. Doubtless there is joy among them, because in the Divine Providence the hour has come when many shall be made glad with the dawning of immortality.

But how is it with hearts that shall bleed on Earth? Is it not written, that "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted?" Already there are Holy and Blessed Ones in all these homes, breathing comfort to all who are impressionable to their Spiritual Influence. Through Unseen Ministrants shall God "temper the wind to the shorn lamb." And if in outward life they are unconscious of Spiritual Influences with their uplifting power, still, by night in inward vision, when the Spirit, through the *lacy gate of dreams*, is impressed with the realities of the life "within the veil," shall hope and comfort come. And sweet as shall be the entrance of all those morally elevated children of the Father into the House not made with hands, it shall be doubly sweet to bend from their ethereal home in loving ministries over the weeping hearts below.

I present these images to you, not as mere pictures of the fancy, but as shadowy and imperfect transcripts of absolute fact. As Spiritualists, we believe in Death as a transition; as the emergence of the immortal psychical form from its external manifestation. As Spiritualists, we believe that Angelic Spirits, the Loved Ones of our Heart, the Sacred Ones of Memory, the Blessed Ones of Hope, minister to us in the hour of our transition, and welcome us to the World of Immortality. And could the full splendors of that worlding, when over the doomed and smitten Arctic, hundreds of our brethren and sisters arose from the natural to the spiritual plane of existence, while thousands of radiant Angelic Beings sent lovingly from on high, be presented to you, your unassisted minds could not endure the sight.

We are told that Judge Edmunds, of this city, in conjunction with others, has since the occurrence communicated with some of those who thus were called away. We are also informed that persons not known as Spiritualists, prior to the arrival of the intelligence of the disaster, saw and communicated with Spirits whose external forms were destroyed in the catastrophe. Some of these communications are found, not alone in the Spiritual, but in the Secular and opposing press. The evidences of the existence of Spirits after the body's dissolution multiply on every hand. Admit, if you will, that magnetic phenomena are sometimes mistaken for spiritual, that communications from Spirits are sometimes incorrectly rendered from the unbalanced or partially developed condition of the medium, still, spite of every deduction, there remains a solid weight of rational, substantial evidence, sufficient to establish, beyond all removal, the foundations of a Spiritual and Universal Faith. The evidence of the primitive Disciples of Jesus establishes the Spiritual Facts of Christian Revelation. Peter, Paul, and John prove themselves to the student of a rational Psychology to have been intromitted into the Spiritual degree of Existence. It needs no arbitrary or enforced hypothesis to prove this fact. Like all great truths, it is seen in its own light, and recognized in its own rationality. So, not as enthusiastic, but as calm, logical, severely critical men, enlightened Spiritualists at the present day judge of all alleged Spiritual Phenomena. The facts of Spiritual Intercourse, however severely tested, yield a positive proof, and Spiritualism therefore is made a positive science. Like Geology, or Ethics, like all the Natural Sciences, it has its demonstrated laws and its established principles. It is no wild hypothesis. It asks no favor. It shelters itself behind no defense, whether of parties, books, or men. Standing as in the light of the all-beholding sun, it presents its facts, its philosophy, and claims to be able, not merely to assert, but to establish their authenticity. In the High Court of Pure Reason, before the august tribunal of Man's clearest Thought, it presents itself, and with proofs drawn from experience, from contemporaneous as well as ancient history, from science, from the testimony of hundreds of thousands of intelligent witnesses, it simply states its argument, and in that very statement wins its cause. Therefore, as in a case like the present, when the land is smitten by so great a calamity, the darkness of disaster, the darkness and the shadow of death are dissipated in the light of the great Spiritual Idea. To those who mourn for the loss of the Beloved we

present not a dogma, veiled in mystery and inadequately sustained by living evidence, but we bring proofs of present communication between the two Spheres of Human Existence, and over the obscuration of the natural we shed the perennial splendor of the Spiritual and Immortal Day. For speculation we offer fact, for dogma science, and for an obscure hope the intelligent certainties of eternal life.

It is evident to whosoever contemplates the disaster, both in its immediate effect on the victims and in its present influence on relations, friends, and the public at large, that Spirituality, with its sublime ideals and its sure realities, has but a limited and doubtful influence outside of the pale of the receivers of a direct, continuous intercourse between the heavens and mankind. Men live on the shadowy and superficial surface of life. They will, enjoy, and reason on the corporeal plane. They ignore the practical realities of spirit. To the man whose life is truly human, whose soul is quickened to supernatural forces, joys, aspirations, and certainties, death is viewed but as a transition to a more enlarged and enduring theater of moral action.

To such, the Universe is seen as a prospective home, and Eternity the measure of duration. With serene outlook they contemplate the vast realms of the Spiritual and Celestial Universe, and realize that they are so connected, though in discrete degrees, with this visible world, that all the forms of Nature subsist by virtue of constant influxes descending from above. To them the meadow daisy, the bracken cedar, the seasons in their circle, the days and nights in their succession, the pomp and splendor of the harmonies of natural life and beauty, the currents of the stars, the voices of Nature expressed in silence no less than song, are all perceived as the exponents of Spiritual Ideas. Nature is felt as understood to be the mantle of the Spirit. The world itself is viewed as the embodiment, in form and colors, of a Divine Thought. The seeming veil of ether is viewed as a sphere of untried and unimagined beauty where the refined elements of the natural world are recombinant in forms of more enduring loveliness. Human Life itself is viewed as a Spiritual Fact, and the years of our external existence as the initial term of a mending series of moral, intellectual, and artistic development. Love is understood, not as a mere phenomenal and transient exercise of the external functions, but as the velling out of a Divine Principle, a river of the water of life, whose circulations flow first within the peaceful Eden of the Soul, and nourish thence with sweet refreshment, the ultimate and external of existence. Through Love, the Soul is seen to be united with God, with Angels, and the Human Race. And external life is valuable chiefly as affording opportunity for the ultimate of Divine Inspirations in deeds of commensurate and corresponding excellence. When Death comes to these it comes as Morning, as Summer, as a Festival of Joy, as a visible crowning and exaltation of the spirit. It lays aside its external implements, its garb of material use, the symbol of its natural degree, and puts on a robe of coronation. It rises to that Temple of the Soul where the heavenly and the immortal Hierarchy await its vantage. It goes as a conqueror to its own exalted habitation.

Now what we need is the cultivation of this Spiritual State, and, as a necessary preliminary, we need the potent evidence that we have an Internal Spiritual Nature. There are those serene, unative minds who find in their own consciousness the evidence of spiritual life. But the multitude need evidences that shall reach the soul through the senses, and appeal, not to their dormant and unknown, but to their active and conscious powers. Their evidences are afforded in the Spiritual Manifestations of to-day.

But something more is needed than the mere knowledge that Man survives the dissolution of his external form. As a potent uplifting power, there is demanded a knowledge of the Rationale of Existence, the connection between the internal states and habits of the will and the deeds and conditions of the body; the connection between the affections that live in the heart-sanctuary and the virtues that troop through the visible portals of life; the connection between moral harmony and mental and physical exaltation, between moral growth here and the moral conditions of man in the unrivaled Hereafter. There is needed, in fine, a Philosophy of Life, and Spiritualism, in its orderly form, affords this philosophy. For the life-effort of man is to realize his Ideal of the Supreme Good, and there is needed a Rationale of Existence by which he may be made to see that a man's life consisteth, not in the abundance of goods that he possesses, but in the harmony and exaltation of his interior imperishable nature. So long as men realize wealth, sensuous pleasure, external position, luxury, splendor, and fame, so long they will pour out the conflict treasures of the spirit, and fritter away the years of existence in pursuit of them. Men must have nobler Ideals given for their love and their pursuit, and they must be made to realize that these Ideals have more than a speculative existence, but are the absolute verities of truth and God. Herein, then, is the noble function of a Spiritual Faith. It presents to the universal mind objects worthy of its homage, and demonstrates that they are real and eternal. In this respect Spiritualism and Christianity are identical. They both substitute the Absolute Good for the base idealizations of the sensuous understanding,

They both assert the supremacy of the Spirit and its eternal life. They both aim to open the interiors of the human consciousness for the reception of Divine Truth, Righteousness, and Love, the true light which enlighten every man that cometh into the world. They assert in union that man grows serene, lovely, and complete in spirit, only as his heart inspires the Divine circulations of mercy and philanthropy. They unite to subjugate, and in subjugating to humanize the lower appetites. They enshrine Duty in the Will, Truth in the Intellect, Charity in the external life, and in this sublime enthronement they unite the soul with its Divine Original.

A few concluding remarks and I have done. In the course and conduct of our human life, we are exposed to disasters far more calamitous than this of which we have spoken. Weeks far more terrible than this time ocean over which we journey to the still eternity. For this disaster is mainly external, it is the body that perishes, while the soul endures. But what shall we say of the wrecks of humanity, where the body lives on, pampered, luxurious, caressed, while the soul goes down in the bleak sea of moral desolation? This is the only calamity in life we have to fear. If Youth goes, serene and smiling he stands to greet us upon the azure hills and mountains of immortal dawn. If Manhood goes, he but precedes us rich with blessing for the summer glory of the skies. If riches take wings, thank God! our soul-wealth may be unimpaired. If friends, after the external, cease to smile, Angels press more near. If the hearth-fire goes out in desolation, and the Home-Angel vanishes to the still, eternal sphere, it is but the prelude to a new blessedness, eternal in the heavens. It is no absolute, interior loss when our friends become as the Angels of God in heaven. But when the barque of life drifts rudderless and pilotless upon the sea of Time, at the mercy of the winds and waves of impulse, drifting now toward the sunken rocks of indulgence, and now toward the quicksands and shoals of vice, when Conscience abandons the helm, when the affections cease their effort, when the masterly will sinks paralyzed, and the base crew of Appetites and Passions assume the conduct of our fate, then it is that wrecks occur that are in their reality most terrible. FAITH IN THE IDEAL is the only safeguard in this scene of human trial. It is chart, and rudder, and compass. It is sail, and wheel, and oar. It is helmsman, and pilot, and engineer. If our lives are hid, with Christ, in the Divine Ideal, God; if we feel, and feel, act upon the lofty intuitions of the quickened moral nature, we buffet the storm, we overcome the peril, we vanquish the deep, we ride at last in the peaceful haven of the eternal world, we disembark on that pearl-paved shore where the Angels throng to greet us with the palm branch and the white robe, with the welcome and the crown.

#### FROM JOHN NEWLAND MAFFIT.

MR. EDITOR:—In looking over some papers to-day, I turned up the inclosed communication, which purports to have been given by John Newland Maffit, the eccentric preacher, who created such a remarkable sensation in this vicinity some years ago. Of all communications purporting to emanate from departed worthies, this one, I think, bears the most unmistakable marks of genuineness. So marked indeed is this, that all who ever listened to his almost unearthly eloquence when in the form, will at once recognize the style. I think I never saw a finer, or more beautiful, and at the same time elevated message in my life. It was received in a circle convened for the purpose, somewhere in the West.

#### COMMUNICATION.

Mortal minds are seized with fear, as their thoughts approach the shores of that world from whence you have been taught to believe that no single ray of intelligence could be reflected back to earth. But from the portals of that bliss world we come to relieve you from the thoughts of terror—the clouds of horror that brood and hang over you like weird phantoms, unbinding the soul, and thrilling it in chains of pain and agony. We come to lift the somber curtain which hangs like a gloomy death-pall over your minds and hearts, and give you a glimpse of the bright glorious light that illumines our Spirit-home. We are as lamps to you, suspended from the pedestals and domes of heaven—mirrors, to reflect light upon the broad road of life along which you are journeying toward the vault of death. Discard us not, for we come to do you good, and lead you to that crystal font that bubbles forth sweet waters of peace and harmony. List through us to the voice that speaks creation into existence. Learn wisdom from the bright page of inspiration; it will fit you to partake of the banquet prepared by the Master of the Feast! While I journeyed on your earth-girt shores, I preached Christ, and him crucified, but the flock I fed with crumbs from his Master's table followed me with presentation after presentation, till death burst the chains which bound me. And then, oh, then! my spirit-eyes opened on one vast plain of immortal beauty, all blooming with ambrosial flowers of every tint and hue, groups of bright beings clustered round me, and the sublime of immortal glory danced upon their features as they bid me welcome to the pearly shores, and crowned my new-born being with diamonds of feeblest lustre! We are clad in garments pure as the snow-falls that fall upon the highest summit of the earthly hills; and we wear in our hands waving plumes, symbols of triumph o'er death, hell, and the grave; and songs of praise to God Most High burst from our enraptured throats, as the gentle zephyrs bear us on through the azure skies. Angels catch the theme, they touch the golden chords, and awake the glad, sweet notes of their Spirit-harps, and all heaven resounds with the sweet cadence of celestial music, gushing from ten thousand times ten thousand harp-strings.

And we return to you as carrier doves, bearing news to earth from the courts of glory. Receive our messages, for they are richly freighted with love, divine wisdom, peace, and harmony, and they will introduce you to the shining hosts of heaven, and the holy Point of Truth itself.

Be kind to the poor and oppressed, for they are thy brethren, the children of the Father.

Love each other tenderly, be ever ready to do thy Master's will in all things, and when death shall unlock thy prison-house, the released spirit will rise on pinions of light, and wing its way to the Eden of Rest—the Spirit's sweet home in heaven.

#### OUR GOD IS LOVE.

BY MARY L. FRANK.

God is the source of life and light,  
To day he turns the darkest night,  
And life with light is freely given  
As o'er life's sea you're wildly driven,  
And as the billows round you roll,  
Bringing despair unto your soul,  
Look! look above, there gleams a light,  
Which slowly opens to your sight—  
Clear as the sun's most radiant rays—  
New beauties for your wondering gaze,  
What harmony doth meet your ear!  
What glorious vision now appear!  
Oh! that my tongue had power to tell  
The endless splendors where we dwell,  
But never can most sacred verse  
These glories beauties e'er rehearse;  
Alas! when I and as I go,  
My blessings be on all below,  
And ever as through life you move,  
Remember that "Our God is Love."

"I know by HEAVY" a profound expression which shows the power of love over intelligence.

## SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH.

S. B. BRITTAN, EDITOR.

"Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind."

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1854.

#### MENTAL ABSTRACTION.

The capacity of the soul to withdraw itself from the senses, and the mental and physical effects to accompany the exercise of that power, will constitute the subject of the present article. All persons accustomed to reflection are conscious of being able to separate the mind, in some degree at least, from the sphere of outward sensation and action. The measure of this power varies as the peculiarities of original constitution are more or less favorable to its exercise, and is inert or operative according to the temperament, disposition, habits, and general pursuits of the individual. Of the nature of this power, and the magnitude of its consequences, very few entertain an adequate conception.

To be greatly distinguished in any department of thought, it becomes necessary that the theme should engross all the faculties of the mind; and this involves the necessity of their separation from other objects, and in a degree, from the whole sphere of sensuous impressions. We may judge of the extent of the mind's abstraction from the body by the increasing insensibility to outward objects and circumstances. In proportion as the soul is engaged by internal realities, we lose the consciousness of external objects, and become insensible to impressions on the physical organs. The statesman is lost in the midst of his profound design; when oppressed with the nation's care, he heeds not the beauty that crowds the gilded avenues of fashionable life. The philosopher loses his own individuality in the deeper consciousness of all that is around and above him. Awed by the sublime presence of Nature; standing unyielded before her august ministers, and questioning her living oracles, he heeds no more the petty strifes of common men. The poet is charmed in his reveries. Far away from earth and its grossness, he feels the pulses of a life more spiritual and divine. An angelic magnetism separates him from the outer world; and spheres invisible are disclosed to the entranced soul.

It is only when man is thus separated from the earth-life that the soul gives birth to its noblest creations, and realizes the divine in its ideal. The highest truths are only born in the heavens. It is only when the soul retires to the inmost, and receives its impregnation from the forces of angelic life and thought, that its conceptions are truly spiritual and divine. When the mental energies are divided and dissipated among a variety of outward objects, the mind makes no conquests. Mist and darkness gather around the highest subjects of human thought. Minds thus constituted and exercised cause a divergence of the light that shines through them, while others possess a mighty lens power, under which all subjects become luminous; the light of the mental world finds a focal concentration, and the soul burns up the very grossness and darkness which obstructed its vision. In all things the intensity of action is dependent on the accumulation of forces. The various actions in Nature are rendered potent by the processes necessary to concentrate their virtues. Archimedes, the great geometrician of antiquity, destroyed a Roman fleet, more than two thousand years ago, setting it on fire by the glasses with which he concentrated the sun's rays. When the electric medium is everywhere equally diffused, its power is neutralized, and we are insensible of its presence; but when powerfully concentrated, it often rends the darkest cloud, and reveals to us the glory of the heavens beyond. Thus, when the mental forces converge, we become aware of the mind's power; the clouds that veiled the deepest problems of Nature break and pass away, and amid the illumined mysteries we follow the kindling soul by its track of fire!

Those who are profoundly abstracted, are magnetized by the angels. Not merely as an agreeable fancy, but rather as a solemn and beautiful reality, do we entertain and express the thought. Some higher intelligence wins the rapt soul away from earth, and it dwells with, and becomes a part of, the Infinite. In the charmed hours when we are able to retire from the dull sphere of grosser life, we think most deeply and truly. Only when earthly sounds are hushed, when earthly scenes grow dim and then invisible, do we ascend to the highest heaven of thought. Communion with external nature; the investigation of her interior laws; the consciousness of the still higher spiritual realities that surround us, and the soul's true worship, are the subjects and exercises best adapted to induce this state of mind. When wholly absorbed with the material objects and events of time, the mind is fettered in its thought. Chained down to earth by a material magnetism, it is difficult to rise above the cramped plane of artificial life. For this reason the mind's noblest monuments have ever been wrought out from invisible worlds, where, veiled forever, are the sources of its highest inspiration.

Certain pursuits require great concentration of mind; but it is readily granted that others are most successfully prosecuted by those who are capable of exercising a kind of mental diffusion. The greatest intensity and power are exhibited when the mental energies concentrate. I would not speak disrespectfully of any class of minds, nor designedly undervalue the feeblest effort, if well intended, but among the so-called practical men—the men who know how to make money, and to keep it—there is an unbecoming disposition to ridicule, as mere dreamers, all who entertain an ideal that transcends the dusty walks of vulgar life. It is conceded that those who pursue some miscellaneous business—the man who sells goods and the writer of short items for the newspaper—would accomplish comparatively little if given to profound mental abstraction, since the successful discharge of their respective duties is made to depend on the facility with which the mind passes from one object to another. But however indispensable this faculty may be to the man of the world, it is seldom associated with the creative energy of acknowledged genius, or the vast comprehensiveness of the real philosopher. The class designating practical men may be men of great research and careful observation, but they are neither distinguished for an intuitive perception of truth, nor for profound and independent thought. Their philosophy, if they have any, is generally fragmentary and superficial. Seldom or never admitted into close communion with the hidden principles of Nature, they are chiefly qualified to notice her outward expressions, while it is given to other minds to receive her sublime oracles. Thus it would seem to be the peculiar province of one class to observe and record; of the other to reveal and create.

Among the decomposing agents of Nature may be justly

comprehended a certain class of minds, gifted with peculiar powers of analysis, and holding a kind of hereditary mastery over the great realm of little things. These are often sharp critics, but seldom, indeed, has one been a great poet, a profound philosopher, or a comprehensive historian. To this class of minds the Universe is not One, but a disorderly aggregation of separate forms and distinct entities, sustaining no very intimate relations. Another, and as we conceive, a far higher power is necessary in grouping the disorganized elements, so as to form them into new and living creations. It requires but an ordinary medical student and a scalpel to dissect a body that only God could create.

Many of our practical men appear to be materialists, whatever they may be in fact or in their own estimation. They very properly esteem the cultivation of potatoes and the growth of cotton as matters of universal concern; but the production of ideas and the culture of the soul are deemed to be interesting chiefly to divines, metaphysicians, and the fraternity of dreamers. These inveterate utilitarians estimate all things—not even excepting the grace of God and the ministry of the Angels—by their capacity to yield an immediate practical result—a result that may be included in the next inventory. The genuine fire of Prometheus is worthless, except it will supply the place of fuel, and the Muses, are they not all fools, unless Parnassus be made a corn-field! Such views, however prevalent, have not the power to enlist those who are greatly distinguished for independent thought and super-sensual attainments. The man of intuitive nature would rather be numbered with dreamers, than lose sight of his immortality.

Not only the noblest thoughts are evolved in seasons of great mental abstraction, but the mind is made to feel a deeper consciousness of its relations to the invisible, and is rendered more susceptible to the influence of spiritual natures. Fastidious and asceticism materially aid in this retirement of the soul from the senses. The ancient Prophets and Seers were accustomed to seek the wilderness, or some lonely mountain, when they would invoke the spiritual presence. Moses withdrew from the idolatrous multitude into the Mount, where, surrounded by the sublimities of Nature and the majesty of Jehovah, he received the Law. It was when the Prophet bowed his head and covered his face with his mantle, shutting out from his senses the impressive symbols of the tempest and the fire, that the "still, small voice" obtained an utterance in his soul. Christ found in the desert solitude the spiritual strength which earthly companionship could not afford. Protracted fasting, a home in the wilderness, and silent communion with the Spirit-world served to diminish his susceptibility to mere physical suffering, and to render him strong in spirit and mighty to endure his trial. The ancients seem to have been deeply conscious of the fact, that retirement from the world was necessary to the highest functions of the spirit, and to all the noblest triumphs of mind. Hence the Patriarchs planted groves as places of worship, and preferred to perform their religious rites on the summits of lofty mountains. The Druids, who were held in the greatest veneration by the Ancient Britons and Gauls, consecrated the most desolate scenes in nature to the purposes of their religion, and to the education of their youth, who were required to retire into caves and the deepest recesses of the forest, sometimes for a period of twenty years. Manifestly, all these discerned the shadow of the same great law, and sought to quicken and invigorate the soul by withdrawing it from the scenes of its earthly life.

Since the mind may govern the distribution of the forces of vital motion, it is but natural that all the fluids—and more especially that refined aura which pervades the nervous system, and is the agent of its mysterious functions—should recede from the external surfaces of the body, whenever the mind is deeply abstracted. If, in the order of the universe, mind be superior to matter, we are authorized to presume that the latter is of necessity subject to the former. That mind is an ever active force, and that matter, separately considered, is inert and destitute of the power of motion, is illustrated by the various phenomena which spring from their most intimate relations. In proportion, therefore, as the mind is abstracted, the sensational medium must be withdrawn from the extremities of the nerves, and the natural susceptibility of the organs be temporarily suspended. But we are not necessarily confined to the argument *a priori* in the illustration of our proposition. Facts, cognizable by the senses, are disclosed to the observation of all, and these lead us to the same general conclusion. It is well known that whenever a state of mental abstraction is induced, it serves to deaden the sensibility to pain, and to diminish the consciousness of outward danger. When all the powers of the soul are engrossed with some one great object or idea, no room is left for the intrusion of thoughts or purposes of inferior moment. Then earth and time, with their gilded treasures and empty honors, are disregarded, and in our transfiguration we forget that we are mortal.

It can not be necessary to cite a great number of facts in this connection. Yet illustrations of the principle are scattered through all history. The martyrs of Liberty and Religion, whose shouts of victory and songs of triumph have risen above the discord of war, or been heard amid the crackling fagots at the stake, show how regardless mortals are of danger, how almost insensible to pain is man, when the soul is fired by a holy enthusiasm, and all its powers consecrated to a sacred cause. But not in these pursuits alone do men experience this deadening of the external senses. All persons of studious habits are conscious of a similar loss of physical sensibility whenever the mind is profoundly occupied. Some men possess this power of abstraction in a very remarkable degree; and persons of this class have often been greatly distinguished for their boldness and originality of thought. Mr. A. J. Davis has long been accustomed to exercise this power. When lost in his internal meditations, he is outwardly insensible—at least apparently—so that when addressed in the most commanding voice he remains undisturbed. Charles W. Lawrence has such a power over the agent of sensation in his own body that, by the mere force of his will, he is able to produce a temporary paralysis, and hence, for the time being, to render himself insensible to pain. A gentleman, known to many of our readers, has on several occasions, and while addressing an audience, experienced an abnormal quickening of the faculties of his mind, accompanied with a corresponding loss of sensation, so that all forms of persons, and other objects within the range of his vision, were gradually obliterated. While under the influence of this spell, he loses all consciousness of time and place, and speaks with ease and power.

That mental abstraction diminishes physical sensibility, and renders the mind indifferent to outward objects, and even regardless of the body, is forcibly illustrated in the case of Archimedes of Syracuse, to whom we have already referred. When his native city was besieged and taken by the Romans,

Motellus, their commander, desired to spare the life of this distinguished man; but, in the midst of the conflict, a soldier entered his apartment and placed a glittering sword in the solution throat. The great mathematician was engaged in the solution of a problem, and so deeply absorbed that he remained calm and unmoved by the certain prospect of death. "Hold," said he, "but for one moment, and my demonstration will be finished!" But the soldier seeing a box, in which Archimedes kept his instruments, and thinking it contained gold, was unable to resist the temptation, and killed him on the spot.

In conclusion, I must speak briefly of the dangers incidental to the exercise of this power. While a just discernance of the principle under discussion must impart a divine quickening to the soul, history has recorded many melancholy examples of its perversion to the most painful and fatal ends. So great is the power of mind over the body, that portions of the animal economy are sometimes paralyzed by its action. Constant exercise of mind, without the use of the senses, not only tends to withdraw the circulating medium of the nervous system from the external surfaces, but, of necessity, renders the health and life of the body insecure. Intense thought, if long continued, may occasion an undue determination of the vital forces and fluids to the brain, and thus produce congestion or some derangement of the faculties. The conditions of mind and body, which cause a temporary suspension of sensation, may, if greatly protracted, preclude the restoration of the physical functions. We have known several authors who have prematurely lost the sense of hearing, as we believe, from this cause.

But there are other dangers not less fatal to personal usefulness, and far more destructive to the interests of society. This disposition to withdraw from the world has prompted many to neglect the ordinary duties of life. Not a few have been tempted to fly from all civilized society, and have spent their lives in caves and mountains, away from the ills which they had not the manhood to meet. It is a morbid alienation of reason, with a sickly disgust of life and all temporal interests, that leads to these extremes. Neither Nature nor the spirit of Divine wisdom can be the incentive to action when men thus disregard their relations to this world, and treat the gifts of God and the blessings of earth with pious scorn.

The asceticism that prevailed in the early church, and the corporeal afflictions that men in different ages have voluntarily suffered, witness to us how sadly the noblest powers and privileges may be perverted. Think of old Roger Bacon, the Anchorite. He lived two years in a hole under a church wall, and at last, dug his own grave with his finger-nails; and all that he might escape from the world, and show his contempt for physical suffering! And Simeon Stylites, distinguished among the Ascetics as the renowned pillar-saint, what a martyr was he! There may be no more like these, but there are yet in the flesh many victims of their own melancholy whims, men whose disgust of this laboring world proceeds from a love of indolence and a fondness for dreaming; gifted souls whose mission is not to labor—gifted with visions in arm-chairs, visions of ease projected from their own brains—and who, if only their usefulness is to be considered, might as well follow the example of the English monk.

Let every friend of progress guard against fanaticism, and wisely exercise his faculties, that his work may be accomplished, and the world be made better for his having lived.

\* Simeon Stylites was a native of Syria. He lived during a period of thirty-seven years on the top of a pillar, gradually increasing its height as he became lean in body and sublimated in soul, until he obtained the elevation, corporeal and spiritual, of some sixty feet. Having progressed to this sublime extent, he acquired a great reputation as an oracle, and became the head of a sect, the history of which can be distinctly traced for more than 500 years.

#### MATERIALISM AND MICE.

We find the following in the last number of the *Advent Herald*, a paper published in Boston, by J. V. Himes, and devoted to that dogmatic and incorrigible form of Materialism comprehended in the doctrines of William Miller. The distinguishing features of the theology of the Adventists, appear to consist in a bold and unqualified denial of the inherent individuality and immortality of the human Spirit, a literal interpretation of the figurative language of ancient prophecy, a belief in the speedy personal coming of Christ, and the immediate destruction of the material universe.

But here is the original paragraph from our columns, and the *Herald's* comments:

#### SPIRITUALISM PROOF AGAINST MICE.

Moses W. Newman, of Clay, New York, is a subscriber for several newspapers, and among the rest, for the *SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH* and the *New Era*. As these papers have been read by his family, they have been thrown into a certain box behind a sofa, which serves also as a comfortable habitation for mice. On a recent examination of this box, he found that these meddlesome little creatures had completely cut in pieces nearly all the papers except the *Spiritual Telegraph* and the *New Era*, and that not one of either of these latter had been touched! We glean this fact from the *New Era*, to which it is communicated by Mr. Orris Barnes.

#### REMARKS BY THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD.

The above, if a fact, is a very singular one; but there is room to question whether the avoidance by the mice of those papers, was because of the regard which the mice had for the truth they contained, or for the distrust which they had for their errors. If, however, those papers are mice-proof, they can be made very useful in lining band-boxes, trunks, etc. We hope that further experiments will be made with them, that it may be ascertained whether they would in like manner deter cockroaches, ants, moths, bedbugs, etc.; for should they prove useful in this way, they might be of great benefit to the human race.

It will be seen that our contemporary is disposed to be a little facetious on our expense, which suits us so well that we are strongly tempted to follow his lead. Probably neither the truths nor the errors which may have found a place in the *TELEGRAPH* served to protect it in the present instance. Without claiming any extraordinary attainments in this department of natural history, we fancy that we can suggest a far more probable hypothesis. All mice and rats, in general, as far as we have observed the habits of those animals, are materialists. They live on or in the earth—in dark holes and cellars, under old walls, and beneath innumerable piles of rubbish. Of course the *TELEGRAPH*, being a spiritual paper, was not suited to their appetites. Moreover, it must be obvious, as well from the nature of the case as from the fact cited, that journals devoted to *Materialism* are especially adapted to their wants.

It affords us pleasure to know that there is at least one purpose to which such papers may be profitably applied. We trust, therefore, that no indigent or superannuated mouse will want for a comfortable nest during the coming winter so long as there is a single copy of the *Herald* unappropriated.

One word more. We have no objection to "further experiments" as suggested by the *Herald*, and should our Advent friend find on a fair trial that the *TELEGRAPH* is likely to serve as a protection against *vermin* we will, if required, send two copies in exchange, as it may be necessary to double the dose in desperate cases.

We really hope Bro. Himes will never spoil a good joke on our account.

#### JUDGE EDMONDS IN BOSTON.

We find the following decidedly complimentary notice of Judge Edmonds' recent lecture in Boston, in the *Herald* of November 3d.

Judge Edmonds at the Music Hall, Judge Edmonds delivered a course of lectures at the Music Hall, Boston, last evening, before a crowded and highly intellectual audience, among whom many of our most prominent citizens. Judge Edmonds, a pleasing speaker, very fluent, calm, dispassionate, logical. A lecture would almost revolutionize the public sentiments of the land in relation to this mysterious subject. They could not convert by thousands.

He remarked that the boldest doubter against spiritualism, change that they believe in and hold to the doctrine of immortality is popularly understood. One of the fundamental principles of faith was obedience to the command of Christ, and in this sense in which He gave it—"Love me another." It is the idea that spiritualism, as such, held to the doctrine of immortality.

#### THE CHRISTIAN SPIRITUALIST.

The subjoined extract is part of an article that appeared in the last number of the *Christian Spiritualist*:

#### A CORRECTION.

We find the following in a late number of the *Spiritualist*, which calls for correction, as it is not fact, and therefore the public.

Speaking of the *Christian Spiritualist*, the writer says: "This weekly faith sheet is published in this city, Boston, by the proprietor and publisher of this journal, which is handsomely printed, and the public."

The misapprehension here, is in making "Horace H. Day" the proprietor, "as if the enterprise was an individual thing, the paper is published by a 'Society,' of which 'H. H. Day' is a member. For fact, however, that others may make a paper who may not choose to read the business part of the paper, attention to the following, which can be found every week on page of our paper:

"*Christian Spiritualist*, published by the Society for the Diffusion of Knowledge, at 20, 22, Broadway, New York."

We stand corrected in so far as we are entitled to edit the "Society." However, the distinction which our makes, appears to us to consist more in form than in fact. We said that Horace H. Day and others were proprietors of that paper, whereas our friend says, "the paper is published by a 'Society,' of which H. H. Day and others are members." Both forms of the statement make it equally true, that Horace H. Day and others are the parties employed in publishing the *Spiritualist*.

#### LITERARY NOTICES.

The Elements of Agriculture: A book for young farmers, with questions for the use of schools. By George E. Waring, Jr., consulting agriculturist. In extent the definition of most rural subjects in the most beautiful and all embracing manner. New York: D. Appleton & Co., 1854.

We have known Mr. Waring since he was a small boy, but not a single idea of agriculture or of authorship in his hand, but yesterday, compared with the full period of human life, thus we him; and yet, today, he stands in our presence and is the author of a familiar, scientific treatise, whose courses in a free and scholarly manner respecting the common various inorganic compounds, the facts and principles of chemistry, and the best methods of subduing the earth and its beautiful and fruitful.

We have perused Mr. Waring's Elements with pleasure and knowing that he possessed fine natural powers, and that he had the study of agricultural chemistry and practical farming, the tuition of PAUL J. J. MAFFIT, we were already prepared to read the book; but the young author's first effort altogether exceeded our previous expectations. There is a directness in his manner of his subject, a clearness of statement, and a freedom from words and images quite unusual among the youthful aspirants of science and literature. Altogether, the "Elements of Agriculture" give evidence of a maturity of mind which we are unable to attribute to the author's limited experience, and may, therefore, be evidence of superior natural endowments and careful instruction, one of the best students.

Mr. Waring's manual—written before he had completed his first year—is probably the best work of the kind extant. It is that so youthful a candidate for public favor, in any ambitious life, is so well received, and we may add, that such a reception is well deserved. Possessing a fine physical constitution, a voice, and agreeable manners, with all youth's pure fire and the whole period of manhood before him, our author has the opportunity to achieve an enviable and lasting reputation as a lecturer and popular writer.

Off-hand Takings and Crayon Sketches. By George W. Bangs, Jr., D.D., and Davenport.

Here is a volume of over 400 pages, devoted to some thirty sketches, mainly of the world's living notabilities—among them Everett, Wm. H. Seward, Thomas H. Benton, Horace Mann, Scott, Theodore Parker, Thackeray, John Marshall, E. B. Barnum, George Law, John P. Hale, Henry Ward Beecher, and others, sketches of illustrious dead—Wells, Clay, and others. The sketches are written in a free and rather dainty style, the author not always weighing his subject in the light of facts. However, it is enough of fidelity in his outlines to render his pictures of men more recognizable to those who are at all students of the characters moving in the age's foreground. But what makes the volume valuable to every library, far beyond its own handsome manner of its pictorial illustration. Ninety-nine men's names—many of them—are given in connection with ink-and-sketched. These are historically valuable. We have, if ever, seen so great a number of faithful portraits of distinguished persons brought together in one volume. Benton, Everett, John Greely, Chaptin, Beecher, John Van Buren, George Law, John Gerritt Smith, Barnum, and others, are presented admirably. We have read a number of the sketches, and found them to be of a kind of "personal matter" that can hardly fail to be often even fascinate, although the reader may feel in doubt of entire verity. The publishers have issued the volume handsomely and at a price that is altogether a book worthy of a wide circulation.

Progress and Prejudice. By Mrs. Gore. New York: D. Appleton & Co., 1854.

It would be safe to say, almost without reading, that this volume—that is, a volume which, under the guise of fiction, contains an amount of truth as to human characters and experience found in a novel. Mrs. Gore is an English writer, of undoubted talent, and what is more and better, a writer whose moral generally as high and pure as her style is graceful and her earnest and trenchant. She does not use the web of romantic corrupting sentiment, as every one who reads "Progress and Prejudice" will see. The volume is intended—and is successful in the exhibit the current of prejudices always in the path of those upward and forward. We have not space for an analysis of the characters, but we are sure those who take up the volume put it down willingly until the "Finis" is reached.

#### LECTURE NOTICES.

Rev. T. L. HARRIS will address the spiritual public in Salem Hall, in Philadelphia, on Sunday next, 12th inst., meeting at 10 o'clock.

S. B. BRITTAN may be expected to occupy the desk in the Academy on next Sunday, morning and evening, at the usual hour.

J. H. W. TOOMEY will speak at the same place (Dedwells Hall) on the succeeding Sunday, 19th instant. T. L. HARRIS will speak on Sunday, the 26th.

U. CLARK AND LADY'S ENGAGEMENTS.—Mr. and Mrs. C. will, by Mrs. Coan, the test-medium, in Library Hall, New York, N. Y., evening, the 10th. In the Tabernacle at Troy, N. Y., Wednesday, Mr. and Mrs. C. in the Hall, 106 Fulton St., Brooklyn. Sunday, 3 p. m.

**THE SPIRIT-BOY APPEARS.**—A few nights after the Spirit-manifestations mentioned in the foregoing paragraph, the father of the boy was alone in his room, lying on his bed reading. While deeply absorbed in the contents of his book, his attention was diverted by a single loud rap apparently in the middle of the floor. He looked toward the spot whence the sound seemed to proceed, and there saw a *luminous cloud* about the height of his departed child, but which did not assume any definite shape. Without mentioning this apparition to any one, he afterwards sought the presence of Catherine Fox, when the sentence was immediately repeated out:—"Dear father. It was I that caused you to see this light."

